Kent. With you goodman boy, and you please come, ile fleash you, come on yong maister.

Glost. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues; hee dies that strikes a-gaine, what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the King.

Duke. Whats your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarse in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

Kent. I, a Tayler sir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not haue made him so ill, though hee had beene but two houres at the trade.

Glost. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffen sir, whose life I haue spar'd at sute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorson Zedd, thou vnnecessarie letter! my Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, spare my gray beard, you wagtayle!

Duke. Peace sir, you beastly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a sword,
That weares no honesty; such smiling roges as these,
Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine
Which are to intrench, to inloose smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Bring oyle to stir, snow to their colder-moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale, and varie of their maisters, (epeliptick
Knowing nought like dayes but following: a plague vpon your
Visage; smoyle you my speeches, as I were a foole?
Goose and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
Id'e send you cackling home to Camulet.,

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?

Glost. How fell you out, say that?

Kent.

Kent. No contraries hold more, an
Then I and such a knaue.

Duke. Why dost thou call him kn

Kent. His countenance likes me n

Duke. No more perchance does m

Kent. Sir tis my occupation to be p
I haue seene better faces in my time
That stands on any shoulder that I se
Before me at this instant.

Duke. This is a fellow who hauing
For bluntnes, doth affect a sawcy ruffi
And constraines the garb quite from
He cannot flatter he, he must be plai
He must speake truth; and they will ta
If not he's plaine; these kind of knaue
Which in this plainnes harbour more
And more corrupter ends, then twent
Obseruants, that stretch their duties n

Kent. Sir in good sooth, or in sinc
Vnder the allowance of your graund
Whose influence like the wreath of r
In flickering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What mean'st thou by this

Kent. To goe out of my dialogue
much; I know sir, I am no flatterer, he t
accent, was a plaine knaue, which f
though I should win your displeasure

Duke. What's the offence you gau

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it plea
Very late to strike at me vpon his mis
When he coniunct, and flattering his
Tript me behind; being downe, insult
And put vpon him such a deale of mar
That worthied him, got prayses of th
For him attempting who was selfe-sub
And in the flechuent of this dread ex
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these roges & coward

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.17